THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1736.

Choice Poetry.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Come, mother, let me rest
My pressure of thy gentle head on mine,
And let my cheek be pillowed on thy form, the time
Is a sup of sunlight to my heart.
Mother, I've watched with love for all, but tonight
Little beauty creeps the sun or of thy blind child.
Mother!
This is the Summer time.
Its all around me, and the golden corn-crop
And heather atop the roses are in bloom.
Of everything but these I've heard from women
Like me in sex and heartin the morning air,
And loved it for its beauty. Are they very fair?

I hear the joyous song
Of little birds, starting among the trees,
They—are they beautiful? Is the sky [illegible]
Have they bright colors, such as hints the flowers?
Tell me their plumage. They're all black to me!
Thinking what you can see, though I am blind.

Here, mother, let me rest.
Here, where I feel she and breeze on my brow,
With tears and fragrant fo warm around me now.
I thank Our Father for the gift of sight,
He deeds all things well bad am resigned.
Mother, I—was His will, and I am blind.

Often have I thought
To think I ne'er could see this pleasant light,
The violet side's morning, all to me, was night
And all of beauty was a thing unknown.
I pray God will forgive that sinful mind,
He judged it for the best—and I am blind.

And now His will be done.
At longest, in the darkness I shall stay
But little time—but, mother, dear, you say
There is a glorious happy home of joy,
He Father's home. Most sinful is grief,
Some sense, some not. There are no blind in Heaven.
—Southern Literary Messenger.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;
OR,
THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIVIENNE AND HER ADMIRERS," "DISAPPEARED," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DISCARDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

EDITH'S TROUBLES.

"The bath stirred within thy lover
The quick and lasting interest,
That is not easily conquered."

"I cannot tell for the life of me why Edith should prefer the love of a stripling, when she hasn't known half a year, to that of her old uncle, whom she has known for over fifty," growled Old Nick.

"You cannot remember your own youth—you preserved the love of a stranger to that of the father you had known all your life," said good Hannibale.

"Humph! Humph!" said the Commodore. "I'm, and yet, wished to marry, too, when you were young."

"No! I didn't neither, Old Nut, I can sway from you and your ways, but I never once said my father was wrong. If I married, it was all your darlings indeed! What would all me to his regard for me when I was a child? Precious little we've done in that cause, Old Honey-comb! But now about Edith! If she must fall in love I want it to be a way I can approve of; what she does I tell to love with Gein'! Now, Gein' is what I call a man for any woman's eye, that is, if I know anything about women!"

"Which you don't!"

"I hain't no more pretension mar, now?"

"Is his own opinion."

"Well, he it very learned, that you'll admit?"

"Podaxie, you mean."

"—And very religious!"

"Self-righteous."

"Ch-ch-ch!" uttered the Commodore, threatening forward his head and striking his stick upon the floor. "I rue to Heaven, Old Nan, you'll be the death o' me, yet!"

"You! angels of darkness!"

"I applaud Old Gein' is a *perfect* man! I am without a single fault! *Prove* a single fault in him if you can!"

"I'll not! Brother Grimshaw is perfectly faultless, and so is imperfect mortals—perfectly faultless! Edith shall marry him as well as I do."

"Intolerable upon what account, I should like to be informed! If he were ugly, is deformed, or a dwarf, or poor, I could comprehend Edith; but he is a man of good looks, good parts, and good fortune!"

"Yes! but women don't necessarily fall in love with a man a beauty, intellect, or fortune! Sometimes—"

"With what then, I want very much to know? Not with ugliness, or stupidity, or fortune, I suppose!"

"Just as likely as not."

"Then," he lectured old Nick, thrusting forward his great head, and running his stick upon the floor, "then you've got a pretty pattern with your consent and your rash financial rules. You never knew one gentleman to succeed in love, and I defy you to find us, just one, now one!"

"Well, I can!"

"Humph! Humph! Humph!" said Old Nick.

"There was a long pause after this.

"Well, I say it is," said the old Commodore, "when I have resolved upon is this—that Grim' shall be the master of Lockenbrugh, but who will be the mistress?"

"Then give it to him in the name of all that's good, and let us have no more to say about it. Keep your misery through their mercenaries, and let us have peace. Edith is an unreliable and unacceptable with. As for Edith, her mother's integrity is incorruptible—and Doctor Bachelor Humbleton's exception to her union with Edith is as the deer with him."

"Now that's what I call condensed pertinency and ingenuities, when they know how it would please me, and my good intentions to-wards Edith, that the match should all Grim' and Edith not to fall in love with each other when I desire it!"

"Because honest hearts are not to be bought, or sold, or persuaded to."

"Which is it, then?" roared Old Nick. "I've tired of all the confounded nonsense! but I know what I'll do."

Then the conversation ended.

From the foregoing dialogue, you will see how affairs stood at Lockenbrugh. It was in the spring Mr. Rhields had received orders to join his regiments in Canada, and upon their reception, he had had an explanation with Edith, and with her permission had requested her hand of her uncle, Commodore Waugh. This threw the veteran into a towering passion, and brought down upon the head of his proposed son-in-law the full force of his choleric wrath.

Edith was very much distressed at the loss of Edith. It was in vain that his wife, the good Mrs. Waugh, tried to mollify him; the storm raged the more violently with her, still it had no power on his strength, but subsided in time exhaustion. This he was, as he always did in trouble, called under the influence of Hezekiah's Bible, pronounced and condemned judgment. First of all she pronounced that it was not what he, said he, but whether he opposed or favored the Britain. It would, finally cease at that love is no conqueror of persons, prejudices or creeds—that any man could see that two souls beauty, attached feelings as Edith and Shields, were created for each other, and would make a "matrimonial pair." If he did not understand he assented already or with a grunt—a bracket, mellow sort of assent—and he took his medicine. Soon after this he summoned Edith to his presence.

"Come here, lassy! So! you've determined, are you, to marry this young rascal?"

Edith cast her eyes on the ground, but did not speak.

"Well, I am to take your silence for assent, I suppose?"

"Very good. Now, here is my ultimatum. I am no tyrant, child—no, you know! I oppose nobody's freedom of will—not I! I let every fool do as he pleases, and claim the privilege of doing as I like also. God Almighty gave men to much free agency, that he may reclaim and sanctify himself, if he will, and damn himself to all eternity, if he likes that better. Therefore here am I—from the air of depriving one of His creatures of their moral liberty! Therefore, Miss Edith Lasse! marry, if you like, not to marry, if you like! Do as you please! But hear, in that case, what I shall do. I have hitherto made up most of my testamentary bequests you. They were, to have made you the heiress of all my possessions. Now all I have to say to you is this—that if you will have the good sense to marry Dr. Grimshaw, those bequests shall be made over to him fulfilled—they shall be *confirmated*. Upon your marriage with Grimshaw, I will give you a conveyance of Lockenbrugh—only reserving the interest and life rent a house, and a life-support in the place: but I will not give you a penny of English preference for that young scamp, I will give you nothing! That is all, Edith. Now go and do as you please. Only, as the Scotch say when He was belonged by one He liked thence; What then dost, do quickly!' I cannot bear suspense!"

During this speech Edith remained standing, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. Now, she looked with tearful eyes and in a tremulous voice,

"That—is all—is it not, uncle? You will not deprive me of my property? Rather here I will you, uncle?"

"I do not know, Edith! I cannot tell; when you have deliberately chosen one of your own fancy, to preference to one of mine—the man I care most for in the world, and whom I chose especially for you; why, you've ignored my judgment in the matter, and, however, as I said before, what you do, do quickly! I cannot bear to be kept upon the beetry hooks!"

"I will talk with Michael, uncle," said Edith, meekly.

She went out, and found him pacing the lawn at the back of the house.

He turned towards her with a glad smile, took her hand as she approached him, and pressed to his lips.

"Dearest Edith, where have you been so long?"

"With my uncle, Michael. I have had my uncle's ultimatum,' as he calls it."

"Well, Edith?"

"Ah! Michael, how shall I tell you without offence? But, dearest Michael, you will not be angry? You will forgive me and my uncle?"

"Edith! Edith!"

"Yes, you put the case gently and delicately, Edith. Indeed, the best worth is that it is true—that he will disinherit you, if you consent to be mine? You need not answer me, dearest Edith, if you do not wish to; but Edith—I love you! I love you with my whole heart and soul! I—but—take time, Edith," and he pressed and dropped her hand.

"I am not sure I can do so. My answer to day, to-morrow, and forever, must be the same," she replied, firmly. The tall, stalwart form of the young man was fostered and inclined by her own choice. Nothing could, and it was months after he obtained his majority; and it was said to have been very determined between him and his mother's property, that he acquired wealth in his own rank, the actual heir was of the opinion that he had not, and whilst yet unenlighted with and unconsecrated by the common years of politics in life. This produced a struggle between the two, which was an unmitigable hatred of new predicates powers, and the young man's pride and passion, and the disgusting illustration which the position of that person afforded of the wiser course pursued by the family, in the Valentines, in the matter of patrician pretences, might have held their heads as high as the Dr. Quesadas.

Jane Valentine, in consequence to his influence, having found himself, like many other Spanish Islands, a man of property in these countries, without the means of supporting his hereditary rank, at once resolutely treated such pretensions as unfounded, and, by the force of his own character, made himself a position through the streams of trade, and with considerable energy, in the salt manufacture, carried on in that part of Spain. Success rewarded his exertions, and he enjoyed the wealth, and what is, perhaps, of greater consequence, the social position of a wealthy and influential member of the Spanish aristocracy.

Carmilla de Quesada was, it seems, the sole surviving representative of a long line of ancestors, whose historic glories reached in the back to the days of Columbus, which they could recruse Spain from the Moslem yoke, originating under that renowned leader, in the Moslems of America, at which birthplace of Spanish independence the founders of the Quesada family were natives. Unfortunately for the heiress, however, to think of all her ancestors, all that one remember in joining your late to Edith, and I am willing to take you at your word

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XVI.

A Remembrance—[illegible]—Queen's Birth-Day—The Orphan—Slavish [illegible]—Asylum for Orphans Projected—Opposition and Success—Description of the Building.

Last night a little fancy, a trifling thing, sent my thoughts travelling homeward. And what do you think it was? Only a shining of the window-pane—that, as the light touched it, looked like frost. That was all. No, that was not all. Visions of spangled fields came up—the tinkling footsteps of that crisp old hoar-frost seemed echoing in my ear. I saw him busy, burnishing the old brown hills—heard childish voices laugh, as his beautiful castles melted under their warm, rosy-red fingers. I saw the snow heaped up in all the city streets, and whirling through the country roads, and hiding the windows of many a dwelling. And then I thought, with all this, came the terrible, terrible cold, when the perishing poor freeze to death, and so many miserable hearths are unlighted—when great storms whirl the crashing waves that shiver strong vessels to atoms, and the wailing cry of thousands lifts itself on the death-freighted winds, and is wafted over land and ocean. I thought of the sad hours, when the [illegible] compels, for the time all [illegible] with fingers and limbs benumbed; and then came the sickening memory of the feasts of death, which have lately transpired through aid of fiend and fire—the maw of that insatiate must be dripping blood with every inspiration of destruction.

How we seldom have fires—and that when materials of combustion are thick-supplied on every hand. All the tenements are wooden—churches, hotels, banks, (I except the government buildings, which are of stone,) and yet the giant flame fiend seldom dare show his hated face. It may be he respects his mighty father, the sun, too reverently, to invade his dominions with impunity.

To-day is Queen Victoria's birth-day, and I wonder not that the people keep its celebration with enthusiasm, for the Queen, as a woman and a sovereign, certainly merits the love with which she seems to inspire all her subjects. I do not marvel that Britons regard England's Queen with the veneration which accords with their ancient institutions, and that hereditary awe of greatness by blood; but the slavish servility with which many of the common people regard her, looks by comparison with the free, out spoken, honest independence of our own humbler population of the new world. Certainly, nobody that I have ever heard of, has lost the power of speech and, indeed, all his faculties at a glance—a word from the head of our own Columbia. Do you remember the instance in which, during the time of the London Crystal Palace, a great, strong man fell fainting to the floor, *because the Queen happened to speak to him?*

But while shrill fife, and the roll and rattle of the drum, pass my window—while gaily attired officers, in their bright red coats, canter along upon noble steeds, and the shouts of the populace proclaim their evident enjoyment, I am minded to tell you about the poor little orphans. And here I am tempted to run off into rhyme, just to divert your thoughts to the subject. Will it be out of place? Is it ever out of place to speak a kind word for the helpless, the innocent, the destitute? Oh! surely not.

THE ORPHAN.

The wail of the orphan child,
How it chills the heart to hear;
Whether it soundeth in palace hall,
Or the garret dim and drear.

It tells of a mournful hymn,
Sung at the churchyard old;
Of a gentle being laid to rest
Under the fresh heaped mould.

The sorrow of age is sad,
And the grief of youth is wild;
But sadder than age or the woe of youth,
Is the wail of the orphan child.

Strangers must soothe it now,
It lies on a stranger's breast;
And it moans its little grief to sleep—
To a sad, unquiet rest.

Alas! for the coming years!
Alas! for the life-storms wild!
There are pit-falls deep on every side.
[illegible]

Alas! for the little heart,
Watching the sweet caress;
Swelling till tear-drops heavily fall—
Nor father nor mother to bless.

Alas! for the little head,
That the guiding hand is dust!
That the tendril can never clasp the vine,
Safe in its clinging trust

Oh! cherish the orphan child,
And make for the coming years
A downy pillow, when death shall bring
His burden of woe—and tears;

That angels may whisper low,
When heaven's white gate you see:
"Thou hast been kind to the orphan child,—
God will remember thee."

I don't know why it is, but whenever I see children in crowds, some thrill of deep feeling works for the tears, and brings them unresisting to my eyes. And orphan children—left to battle with cruel hearts and reluctant hands—no bosoms in which to lay their little heads, no necks about which they can clasp their poor little arms with a will—no sweet voices for them—no gushing love bathing their little hearts with angelic peace—I dare not pursue the theme. Let every Christian pray every day with that sweet petition, "Our Father"—for those noble ones who, heedless of self, give their time, their means, their all, to the work of providing for the homeless orphan.

I spoke in my last of the extreme cruelty of the blacks towards the defenceless of their own color. The colonists saw it—first with apathy, then with interest—but knew not how to interfere.

"They are only the black children."

Aye! but have they bones, sinews, nerves, flesh? You should see the cripples go by; those whom unfeeling parents have ruined by carelessness or neglect. Here a broken back, there a leg deformed. Here a hand withered—perhaps by being clasped about living coals of fire—there an eye put out. Here total blindness, there almost total idiocy. Such sights are too common—such sights lay hold of the tendrils of sympathy, nor will they easily unclasp.

The Chief Justice of this "magnificent province" has no children. Perhaps it would be wrong to say "thank God for that," but it may have been in mercy they were denied. Wanting in their sweet caresses, his eye turned fondly on a little child, wherever he saw it. The wrongs of these poor orphans roused the stern sense of justice in his soul; I doubt not but he would have administered the same process of diabolical infliction on their tormentors. He conceived a great plan, a glorious idea; why not erect an asylum, where these poor innocents might be taught and protected?

"An asylum in British Guiana—pooh! pooh! tell us how to make one more pound of sugar without additional expense, and we'll listen to you; tell us how we can get more work from our present corps of laborers, with less, or the same remuneration, and we'll go hand in hand with you; but these blacks! these Portuguese!"

It was not till they were led to see that children, trained up to sober habits, taught good trades, educated to use the pen and the accountant's pencil, would really in time give Guiana what it needs so much, *intelligent* workingmen, instead of a festering population of worthless, thievish vagabonds, bred to, because bred by cruelty, that the public eye saw through the right spectacles. Then, by dint of hard gazing, it shook its sagacious head, laid by the specs, and sagely said, "I see."

And, after the blindness of saccharine commerce was a little healed, it was astonishing what wonders those new "magnifiers" worked. People began to want a hand in it. Bazaars were instantly the order of the day. Luxuries that were not thought of before, became necessaries, because they were to help the asylum. At last the large building was erected, and after a grand *jubilant* day, many a miserable child was rescued from infamy, from the cow-hide, from fire and flood, from boiling water and hot coals, from Acoushi ants, and from heated coppers; in fine, from cruelties too horrible, too revolting to mention.

It was a bright day, an oasis in the rainy weather, that in which we went to view this noble institution. Some of the way was through abandoned sugar-estates, some through grounds in the highest state of tropical cultivation. The trooly-tree, with its huge leaves, the plantain, with enormous bunches of fruit, the banana, the yellow, gleaming orange, bloomed on either side in the rarest profusion. Flowers, than which none can be more gorgeous, claimed their share of admiration. On each margin of the road, the [illegible] grass made a velvet [illegible] Above us, an atmosphere intensely pure, gave unshrouded view of the sky, so blue, so richly broidered with pearl-like clouds! As we drew near, my heart longed to the sight of home—[illegible]

The asylum stands on very slightly rising ground. It has a plain air, and looks as if it said to the visitor: "I'm not [illegible], but pleasant!" Jalousies—(which would, by some awkward twist of the pen, probably, have been spelt something quite different by any other letters)—a sort of blind, joined to the roof of the casement, and pushed out at will, so that it resembles a small gable-roof, were adjusted to [illegible] rather than glass—for there is no glass in the building. You enter a large, uncarpeted hall, from which, on each side, diverge sleeping-rooms, &c. &c. It has a naked, cheerless look, but with a little furniture (which the thoughtless children would soon dispose of) would resemble some of our Yankee entrances.

But stay thy nib, garrulous pen—'tis getting too long, this letter of mine. In my next, I will describe a South American wonder, *i. e.*, an asylum for orphan children.

Miscellaneous.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—Speaking of the extravagances of the present fashions in Paris, the correspondent of the Pittsburg Journal says:

"The young Empress, whether justly or not, is generally considered to have set the fashion for this rage for novelty, and it is certain that she surrounds herself with the richest, and most fantastic adornments of every kind.

"That a young and very handsome woman, placed in a position which enables her to gratify every fancy, should attach a good deal of importance to her external ornament, that she should set off her beauty with the most elegant dresses and the most etherial laces, and the costliest jewels, is all very natural; and accordingly in half the streets of Paris, great gilded letters let into the windows of the most important shops, inform the passers that 'Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Eugenie,' honors the fortunate establishment with her custom; here for silks, there for laces, here again for cashmires, for flowers, for boots, for jewelry, and so on.

"But beside her love for pretty things wherewith to enhance the charms of her own beautiful person, she has the most costly and exquisite equipages, the most wonderful Arabian horses and ponies, (one favorite little turn-out she drives herself,) the most miraculous furniture, and a series of boudoirs, all fitted up like so many fairy palaces.

"One of them is called 'The Charm of Evening,' fitted up with hangings of amber satin, over which is suspended draperies of the finest lace, (which of course has cost an enormous sum of itself;) another is hung with crimson damask, with gilded cornices, and every bewitching trifle that could be brought together; a third, called 'Day's Delight,' (*le Bonheur du Jour*) is hung with the richest possible blue silk, between pannellings of solid silver, which precious material partly chased, partly burnished, and carved with the most consummate art, replaced the usual wood-work in every part of the room, wainscot, cornice, mantle piece, window-frames and doors being all of this metal; but though the apartment is as rich as the boudoir of some Oriental tale, it is ugly, heavy, and exceedingly unbecoming to the complexion."

BOTH WAYS TRIED.—The City of Oswego last year voted No License, and, so far as was practicable, closed up her grog-shops. This year, a majority voted to license again, and *one hundred and twenty* groggeries of all sorts are now in full blast.

We are assured that the effects on the legitimate trade of the city are palpably disastrous. The sellers of shoes, hats, clothes, dry goods, provisions, &c., find their trade seriously diminished and their profits reduced to zero, because the laboring class, who last year bought freely at their counters, now spend their diminished earnings to a sorrowful extent in rum. The children who had caps and shoes last year, and went decently to school, now skulk bareheaded and barefoot into the groggeries, with scarcely rags enough to hide the rum bottle, which is stripping their homes of comforts, and depriving them of happiness. All but the tipplers, and a part even of them, have had enough of license, and Oswego will, in November, give a rousing majority for the Maine Law.

STEAM-NEWSPAPERS.—Of steam newspapers the New York Times says: "Think of the steam-men, the steam reporters, the steam-reviewers, the steam-editors. Fingers, muscles, brains—all must go by steam. How can an editor or any other newspaper gentleman help *blowing up* somebody or something? Steam in the office, steam in the sanctum, steam in the basement and attic—there must be accidents—there must be explosions."

Clippings.

☞ Sarcastic Boy: "What countryman would you take that man to be, who so artistically surrounds himself with tobacco juice?" Nice Young Man—after thinking awhile: "Well, I guess he was raised somewhere down South." Sarcastic Boy: "You are mistaken. He is a native of *Spitzbergen*."

☞ The lady who took everybody's eye, must have had quite a lot of them.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer congratulates the country on the defeat of Col. Benton, unkindly remarking that, "for some years, he has been slashing and floundering in the political pool, like a big fish with a harpoon in his hide; but he has got a finishing blow at last." The Colonel, however, probably considers himself far from being *finished*.

☞ The Doctors and the Dancing-Master: One practices the healing art, and the other the toeing art.

☞ Mr. Harvey H. Billings, of Burnard, Va., was recently married to Miss Cornelia Toogood. We have seen many young ladies, in our day, who were evidently good enough, but we never before even heard of one who was *too good*. A wife too good, it strikes us, would be a little too much of a good thing—especially if she were always *Billing*.

☞ The strength of the American people lies least in the number of their cannon and bayonets, and most in their schoolhouses, newspapers and books.

☞ The man who "cast up an account," is supposed to have swallowed several mathematical works.

☞ A Western paper says there is many a young man wasting his life over the counter of a dry-goods store in the East, measuring six penny-worth of tape, and exhausting his eloquence to accomplish the sale of a nine-penny ribbon, who might, in the West, become a judge, or range the boundless prairies, to mark out a highway for that mightiest of civilizers, the locomotive.

☞ The New York Times thinks that the cry of the age ought to be, "There is no God but Mammon, and Dry Goods is his Prophet!"

☞ An editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred and fifty dollars for hugging a young girl in church. "Cheap enough," says the editor of the Chicago Young America, and adds: "We once hugged a girl in church, some ten years ago, and the scrape has cost us a thousand a year ever since."

☞ A good illustration of a progressionist is a man attempting to make his "way through the world."

☞ A young man visiting his mistress, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and, wishing to rally him, inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the other—"but this I can tell you—that an ass is older at twenty than a man is at sixty."

☞ "That vat I vitch to ask yo," says the correspondent of a N. O. paper, "is wether strichnine, wot the poleece gives to dogs, wont pizen the heuman beins after sassengers has been fride. Please to put in the paper how this is, fur if fride strichnine is pizen, I go agin sassingers. Yours, till pisened."

☞ An Irishman having plead guilty to an indictment, was asked by the Judge if he had anything to say for himself. The Erinite gave no answer. "Do you not hear, Patrick, what the Court says to you?" Still no answer. "Are you going to answer, sir?" Still silent. "Sheriff, commit that man for contempt of Court!" "May it plaze your honor, sir, I'm dafe and dumb; I can naither hear nor spake at all, at all!" The Judge was satisfied.

☞ Here is an old epigram that is very good, considering the poverty of the subject:

Your boots, my friend, unlike to mine,
With polished lustre brightly shine;
Had you bestowed such studious pains
To gloss the dullness of your brains,
It would not then by all be said—
[illegible] eclipse his head!

☞ A New York paper says that there are several establishments in that city, where, by the best of evidence, it has been proven, that dead animals, of doubtful health while living, are manufactured into the purest hog's lard.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, AUGUST [illegible], 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

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A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "C. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Considerable excitement recently has been manifested in this city, owing to the dismissal of teachers in the public schools of several of the wards by the Directors thereof. It is asserted by many, that the real ground of dismissal is the fact of said teachers being Roman Catholics—though two of them are said to be members of the Society of Friends. On the other side, however, it is alleged that incompetency and other reasonable causes were the grounds of the removals.

Without going into the question of fact, we may take this opportunity of expressing anew what we have repeatedly asserted, our own opposition to *all* sectarianism in the management of the public schools. We consider that the question, What *religion* does the applicant for a teacher's position profess? is one that no Director has a right to ask. Testimonials as to intellectual qualifications and moral standing, should always be insisted upon—but further than this the examiners have no right to go. If a teacher may be dismissed because she is a Roman Catholic, she may be dismissed with equal justice because she is an Universalist, an Unitarian, a Swedenborgian, a Quaker, a Methodist, or a Baptist. Of course, if a teacher should attempt to indoctrinate the children under his charge with his peculiar sectarian views, it would be a proper ground for his or her dismissal.

We cannot make any distinction in this matter between rival sects. What is wrong for Presbyterian, is wrong for Episcopalian; what cannot be allowed in Roman Catholics, should not be practised by Protestants. There could be no surer way devised of ruining our Public School system, than to allow the Hydra of Sectarianism to get one of his many heads into it—he would soon manage to introduce all the rest. All classes, without regard to sect, or no sect, are taxed for the support of the public schools, and all must have equal rights there—and no more.

We have known men of various religious persuasions, who were suitable for teachers, and whose peculiar sectarian views no one could ascertain without particular inquiry—and men of this class alone are qualified for teachers in the *public* schools. Men and women of a more decided sectarian bias should confine themselves to private schools, or to the schools established by their respective sects.

HOW SPAIN MAKES MONEY OUT OF CUBA.—Mr. Ballou, in his recent work on Cuba, says:

In close proximity to a country where the taxes, self-imposed, are so light as to be almost unfelt, is one where *each free family pays nearly four hundred dollars per annum* for the support of a system of bigoted tyranny, yielding to the aggregate an annual revenue of *twenty-five millions of dollars*, for which they receive in equivalent,—no representation, no utterance, for pen and tongue are alike proscribed,—no honor, no office, no emolument; while their industry is crippled, their intercourse with other nations hampered in every way, their bread literally snatched from their lips, the freedom of education denied, and every generous, liberal aspiration, stifled in its birth.

We quote this in illustration of our assertion that Cuba may be a peculiar advantage to Spain, and yet be none to us. Once admitted into the Union, that yearly tax of $400 would no longer be collected, but would remain in the pocket of the head of "the family." Now while this is a very good reason for the Cubans wishing to be released from the yoke of Spain—making as each freeholder would some hundreds yearly by the exchange of governments—it seems to us no reason why we should pay some hundreds of millions for the mere sovereignty of the island. If Spain were willing to sell Cuba at all, she would demand compensation for the yearly loss of that $25,000,000. If the United States Treasury were to receive the $25,000,000 in the future, it would be one thing—but as the money would really go (or remain) in the pockets of the Cubans, to ask us to purchase the island, is simply to ask Uncle Sam to make the aforesaid Cubans a present of $25,000,000 yearly. Which is not the most modest proposition we ever heard of.

THE ALDERMEN.—Several proceedings of our city Aldermen that have lately been made public, have attracted the attention of the public to this band of legalized swindlers and awarders of injustice. We have heard those who had an opportunity of knowing, give it as their opinion that there was *one* honest Alderman in this city—but we never heard the number put much higher than that. We believe that if the whole fraternity were abolished, as far as this city is concerned, it would be a good thing for the community. Their rule of action in giving judgment, is almost invariably the promotion of their own pecuniary interests. Not long since, we heard one of them, not the least respectable of the class in South Philadelphia, give his decision right in the very face of the testimony and of what was just. They are, with some few exceptions, the instigators of little quarrels, the encouragers of petty litigation, a scourge to the poor, and an annoyance to the rich.

THE GRAPESHOT.—This vessel, with her 35,000 old muskets, is back again at New York. The muskets, it seems, were intended for Santa Anna, but he did not pay down the money agreed upon. They must be getting to be quite expensive muskets, by this time. We once heard a merchant propose to throw some of his old stock into the street, to "save the interest on it." Mr. Laws, by this time, probably is thinking of some equally desperate expedient. His 35,000 muskets will not "go off." Nicholas, doubtless, would buy them, *delivered*—but there is the difficulty. Those that have the money to buy, and the ability to receive, do not want that quality of firearms—while others cannot get them. Where Mr. Laws intends shipping them next, the newspapers do not yet inform us.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The managers of this affair have directed it to be sold, including gas fixtures, iron fence, and all the other property of the association. The price set upon it is $250,000—which they say is one-half its actual cost. It is deliverable on or after the first of November next, until which time the exhibition will be kept open.

The Palace is a beautiful building, and we trust it will continue to be put to some noble use. The New Yorkers probably are so sick of the whole concern that it will hardly be kept in Gotham, if any fair price is offered for it by parties in Boston or Philadelphia. It might pay to buy it at from $100,000 to $150,000, and devote it to the purposes of a museum. Such an exhibition is greatly needed in Philadelphia, since the removal of Peal's celebrated one. There is no place now to take the children on Saturday afternoons, and enlighten them as to the wonders of nature and art.

The Crystal Palace would also be a beautiful building for the exhibitions of the Horticultural Society, and of the Franklin Institute. In fact it might be put to a great number of excellent and refining uses,—though we should prefer it for the purposes of a Museum, and think that this would pay best. Will not some of our enterprising citizens take the matter into consideration? If those who wish a monument erected to Franklin, would take measures to establish a Franklin Museum in the Crystal Palace, they would be acting in a manner much more consistent with the maxims of the old philosopher.

THE CLIFF SWALLOW.

A beautiful story is going the rounds, taken from an old number of the Greenfield (Mass.) Advertiser, of the Cliff Swallow, which species recently has made its appearance, and begun to make settlements under the eaves, in Delaware county, Pa.—its nest being in the shape of a retort with a long neck. The story referred to is of one of these swallows, which was seen to linger after the tribe had taken its usual flight to the tropics, apparently alone, through the autumn and the winter. The following is the explanation:

Spring came, and yet he was there. An occurrence so singular, and contrary to the habits of the migrating tribes, caused his motions to be watched with more attention. At length another head was observed, protruded from one of the nests, which seemed to be the abode of the bird which had been remarked with so much interest. On examining that nest the mystery was beautifully solved. Another swallow was found there a prisoner.

One of its legs had become entangled by a thread of horse hair, which had been used in the lining of the nest, and held it there a captive. Yet it was not deserted by its faithful mate. Through all the long and dreary winter, this patient self-devoting love supplied her wants. He saw without regret, but for his hapless consort, the deepening gloom of the fading year; he felt without feeling, but for her, the advancing rigor of winter; and if he, at times, remembered the sunny skies of the South, and the pleasures his tribe were there enjoying, it was only to sigh that she could not partake them. By night and by day, in sunshine and in cloud, in the calm and the tempest, he was with her, ministering to her wants, and cheering the hours of her hopeless captivity by his caresses and untiring devotion.

We hope no lady will ever say a word disparaging the constancy of the stronger sex, after reading the above.

JUDGE BLACK'S LETTER.

We had intended to give our opinion at some length this week, of Judge Black's letter to the "Prohibitory Convention," stating his reasons for declining to answer the question whether he considers "a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, except for certain specified purposes, constitutional?"

We must defer an extended consideration of the subject, however, till a more convenient season. Simply calling the Judge's attention to the following language of Chief Justice Taney's, which he might probably have repeated, if so disposed, without even the slightest violation of the peculiar proprieties of his position:

"IF ANY STATE DEEM THE RETAIL AND INTERNAL TRAFFIC IN ARDENT SPIRITS, INJURIOUS TO ITS CITIZENS, AND CALCULATED TO PRODUCE IDLENESS, VICE, OR DEBAUCHERY, I SEE NOTHING IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES TO PREVENT IT FROM REGULATING OR RESTRAINING THE TRAFFIC, OR FROM PROHIBITING IT ALTOGETHER, IF IT THINK PROPER."

"*If it think proper*"—that, it strikes us, is the main question for every State to consider; though it is evident that legislators may endeavor to attain a constitutional end in an unconstitutional way. Could not Judge Black have given his opinion relative to the constitutionality of a prohibitory law, yea or nay, which is all Chief Justice Taney affirms, without committing himself as to any particular law?

CAN WOMEN SET TYPE?—The Daily Register, of this city, answers the above question as follows:

To the numerous inquiries addressed to us on this subject, we answer in the affirmative. Several are now employed in the Job Printing department of the Register establishment. They have learned in a few weeks as much as boys usually do in as many months, for the reason that they are better prepared by education and taste. In six months, they will earn more than any one of the female teachers in our Public Schools, and with less fatigue both of mind and body. The employment is one which permits them to sit or stand at pleasure, requires no stooping, as in sewing, nor continued exercise of the lungs as in teaching. Of all the manual occupations, type-setting is the one best adapted to ladies.

While we frankly avow that our own opinion always has been, that type-setting would not prove a very pleasant occupation to women, we admit that the editor of the Register has had much more experience than ourselves upon the subject. And, for that matter, if not absolutely pleasant, it may be equally so, to say the least, as sewing, and many other departments of female labor. Even being a wife and a mother, is not *always* probably a very pleasant occupation—especially with a husband who loves "the rosy" in his glass more than in his lass.

GIFT LOTTERIES, ART LOTTERIES, NEWSPAPER LOTTERIES, &C.—We occasionally receive letters, asking the insertion of advertisements of the above descriptions of lotteries. We would inform the writers of such letters, that we would just as soon publish the scheme of a money lottery, as of theirs. A lottery is a lottery, whether the prizes be dollars, or gold pens, pictures, marble busts, "first-class dwellings," "villa sites," &c., &c. They are all equally pernicious—holding out the hope of getting the good things of this world, without paying the fair price for them—and of course necessarily disappointing that hope, and leaving the poor dupes to the laughter or the pity of their fellow men, and the shame of their own hearts. We shall keep our skirts clear of the whole contemptible business—whether the sacred names of art and science and literature be used to gild the purposes of the authors of such schemes, or whether all such disguises be boldly and impudently thrown off, and the true object to make money by imposing upon the gullibility of the silly and ignorant be unblushingly avowed.

REV. JOHN CHAMBERS.—This reverend but somewhat intemperate advocate of temperance can no longer bear in silence the slings and arrows of his pertinacious editorial persecutors. Even a "war horse" cannot always remain composed under such incessant squibbing. He is out, therefore, in a letter, denying that he has any epistle from Gov. Bigler, "inconsistent with his manly letter to the Temperance Convention."

Mr. Chambers embraces the opportunity to make a decided dash at the Know Nothings—saying, among other things:

"Doubtless then "the head and front of my offending" in the eyes of some of the unknown and unknowing ones, is my strong and uncompromising opposition *Jesuitism*, whether *Protestant or Papal*, and with these men the same objection rests against Governor Bigler, because of his fixed determination not to violate the Constitution and laws of the land, by disfranchising adopted citizens on account of their religion or the place of their birth.

THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE.—A correspondent recently proposed to devote the money collected for a monument to Knud Iverson, to perpetuate in the same manner the memory of the helmsman of Lake Erie, who lost his life by remaining at the wheel in order to run a burning boat ashore, and thus save the crew and the passengers.

A subscriber at Jefferson, Mo., sends a spirited sketch containing the account in question, cut from the Post many years ago, in which the name of the helmsman is given as John Maynard. The sketch reads somewhat like a mere creation of some one's fancy, though it may be strictly true as to the main facts, and the name of the helmsman. The boat, in the sketch, is called the "Jersey." Can any of our Buffalo, or other Lake Erie readers, tell us whether the story is true?

☞ We perceive that a case of assault and battery has grown out of a difference in the "New Jerusalem" Church at Frankford. This proves that whatever names men may take, the leaven of the old Jerusalem is hard to cast out. But, for that matter, according to the Scriptures, in the *new* Jerusalem there will be no churches. "And I saw no temple therein," says John the Well Beloved and Divine. Therefore the name of "New Jerusalem Church" is rather a mis-[illegible]

THE BONNET QUESTION.

The engraving on our fourth page of what the next fashion in bonnets probably will be, is from the London Punch. Some will say, why have a bonnet at all, what is the use of such an article of dress, if not to be worn? But to such we quote the following anecdote as an occurrence showing the usefulness and importance of a bonnet, even when separated from the head it was designed to cover; and that ladies should keep up the institution, whether it is to be worn, or not:

FALLING IN LOVE WITH A BONNET.—The was a singular and very touching circumstance which happened several years ago, near the town of Northampton, Massachusetts. It will strike the ladies, we think, as an instance of "popping the question" under difficulties:

As a party of pleasure were ascending Mount Tom, a well dressed man furnished with fishing tackle, accosted a lady, one of the party, who had loitered behind her companions, to enjoy without interruption the beautiful scenery which lay along the rich valley of the Connecticut.

"Good morning, madam," said the fisherman, touching his hat.

"Good morning, sir," replied the lady, with a dignity of manner which would have been considered perfect at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

"It is a fine morning," continued the gentleman. "I saw your bonnet at the foot of the hill, and I thought I should like to marry the lady who wore that bonnet. It struck my fancy, and I walked up here to see if you would like to enter the blessed state with me."

The lady was somewhat startled at the abruptness of this proposition, and her first impulse was to hurry on to her companions; but her dignity and self-possession prevailed, and she quietly turned to the stranger, and said:

"This is a very serious proposal to come from one whom I have never seen, and one who has never seen me before."

"But I have seen your bonnet," said he, "and I know you will suit me. I have money, and a good house at the foot of yonder hill. My wife and children are dead. I am all alone. If you outlive me, you shall have all my property. I just got a new gravestone for the grave of my wife, for which I gave twenty-six dollars! I buy all my things for the house by the quantity. You shall be well provided for in everything. I don't think you could do better."

The lady had seen much of the world—had held command in the fashionable circles of the south—and "the chivalry" had bended the knee to her beauty and accomplishments, and the learned to the intelligence and cultivation of her mind. She had sailed triumphant and unconquered everywhere, and to be thus waylaid and, as it were, entrapped into matrimony, was a thing not to be thought of for a moment; and so she raised her form to more than its usual height, and, giving additional dignity to her head, she bowed "good-by" to the fishing widower, and left him to bestow himself and his gravestones upon some one else!

THE JOHN BULL AND THE JONATHAN BULL.—*The Public Ledger*, commenting upon a recent exploit of the British fleet in the Baltic, says:—

Capt. Sullivan, of the Lightning, landed upon one of the Islands to obtain some farm produce. The people, under the orders of the Czar, refused to sell, and the Captain helped himself. A Commissaire, who objected to their taking the articles, was seized and carried on board the steamer, where he is now confined. The efforts of the poor man to escape from the sailors is described as a very ludicrous scene. *This is an exploit that the less that is said about it the better. The British nation expect something better from their fleet than making war upon private individuals and carrying them into captivity. A magnanimous enemy meets their armed opponents, but lets women, children and old men and private individuals alone.*

The *Ledger* is the same journal that justifies and defends in the strongest terms the conduct of Capt. Hollins at Greytown. Of course what is all wrong in the British case, is all right in the American one. When the *John Bull* gores a defenceless ox it is horrible; but when the Jonathan one does the same thing, it is perfectly justifiable.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN.—The daily of this name has improved wonderfully of late. The tremendous drubbing the party of which it is the organ has received in these parts, has shown it the necessity of brushing up a little. It is telling tales of the politicians "out of school," which are exceedingly edifying. The great difficulty has been heretofore, that neither party would expose all the corruptions of the other, for fear of blocking its own game when its turn of triumph came round. But the Pennsylvanian now seems to have resolved to "conquer or die," and make a clean breast of it. There is already a fluttering apparent among the "ins" at these revelations on the part of the "outs," of practices that have long been hidden for mutual advantage. Go on, say we to our Pennsylvanian brother, and expose the corruptions of our city government, wherever you can find them. The honest men of all parties, who now find too often that a change of government is a *mere exchange of full rats for hungry ones*, will thank you.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE TIMES.—In times like these, all sorts of stories go the rounds respecting the "great financiers" of the country—some true, and some only "founded on truth," as the novel writers say. One anecdote that we heard lately, is as follows:

A certain "great financier" of these parts, having finished his country-seat, or castle, applied to a celebrated upholsterer to know at what price he would furnish the establishment. After making his calculations, the upholsterer said he would do it for $20,000. Our "financier" seemed surprised—a shade of disappointment passed over his face—and he wished to know of Mr. Upholsterer, whether he could not make the sum $5,000 *more*, and furnish it a *little better*.

We suppose of course that the upholsterer complied with his wish, but "further the deponent sayeth not."

THE GUARDIANS OF THE POOR.—The claims of the lower and swinish nature have again overpowered the higher law in the breasts of a majority of the Guardians of the Poor, and they have passed the following resolution by a vote of nine to eight:

Resolved, That suitable conveyances be engaged to convey the members to and from the House, and that they be supplied, during their attendance, with necessary refreshments.

YEAS—Messrs. Buchanan, Crocker, Cromberger, Cross, Dingee, Matthias, Peale, Potts, and Adams, President. 9.

NAYS—Messrs. Bringhurst, Evans, Healy, King, Marks, J. B. Smith, Townsend Smith, and Wetherill, 8.

Well, we suppose it is all according to Scripture:—"The dog has returned to his vomit, and the sow that had been washed to her wallowing in the mire."

A CAPITAL LETTER.—The epistle that recently appeared in one of the dailies, over the name of the three C's—Charles Cline, Controller. We call it a capital letter, from its plentiful use of capital letters. Mr. Cline, doubtless, is a very proper man to have the management of the public schools of the 16th Ward—he must correctly appreciate, especially after this, the benefits of school learning.

But, by the way, the Ledger's course was rather wicked to publish Mr. Cline's letter just as received. Every editor knows that some of the shrewdest men in the country could be made to appear ridiculous in the same manner. In fact, there are very few men, not of a literary turn, but that place themselves at the mercy of an editor by sending an abusive communication to him. As Dogberry says, "to write and read come by nature."

GRISI AND MARIO.—These gifted artists arrived in New York by the Baltic, and took lodgings at the St. Nicholas Hotel, where a handsome range of five rooms had been prepared for them. They were received at the dock by a deputation from the Musical Fund Society, and some hundreds of citizens. Madame Grisi suffered considerably from sea sickness, and was ill during the greater part of the passage. An attempt was made to get up a concert on the steamer, but she was too much indisposed to take part in it. The night before the arrival she contributed the sum of $50 toward the Seamen's Fund. Her first appearance will be in a grand opera at Castle Garden, on Monday week, the fixed price for admission being five dollars a ticket.

THE EXPLANATION.—A cotemporary says: "Henry A. Wise once thanked God, in Congress, that there was no newspaper published in his district."

The above is often repeated to Mr. Wise's injury, owing to his meaning not being understood. He meant, as we have seen it stated, that he would rather have no paper at all in his district, and depend upon well-edited city papers, than to have a small, local sheet, in which gross personal abuse, bad grammar and bad spelling contended for the mastery. To a properly-edited paper, in his district, we have no idea that Mr. Wise meant to express any objection.

VERY REASONABLE.—The assertion that when men cannot buy liquor, because there is none for sale, the money goes to encourage a more useful business. A recent traveller in Connecticut says:

Two merchants, not decided friends to the prohibitory law, bore testimony to this effect: They said their sales of useful articles, such as sugar, coffee, &c., had increased since the law went into effect. They thought, and beyond a doubt they were correct, that a certain class of drinking men, who were accustomed to spend their money for intoxicating beverages, now spend it in purchasing articles for the comfort of their families.

THE TIMES.

An editorial in the Ledger says:—

A reliable estimate, made in New York, where such things are not exaggerated at least, of the money locked up in railways, farm buildings, new roads, city improvements, stocks, bonds, and otherwise, during the last three years, places the aggregate at the enormous sum of six hundred millions.

Whereupon the Ledger [illegible] of the present aspect of affairs in the [illegible] and thinks a small Fall business, under the circumstances, much the best for both city and country. It advises economy on the part of the farmers, planters, and other producers, caution on the part of the store-keepers, with a confining of their means to their legitimate business, and prudence and short-sail to the city jobber. We agree with the Ledger. It is better to diet and rest a little to-day, than to be prostrated with a pecuniary cholera to-morrow.

ASTONISHING.—The city inspector of New York has ascertained that about two-thirds of the milk consumed in that city is produced by swill-fed cows, the vile stuff being mixed with magnesia, chalk, molasses, burnt sugar, &c., to give it a creamy color and consistency. And yet one of the New York papers declares that New York is as healthy a city as any on the Atlantic, and a good deal healthier than many of the inland towns. Those New Yorkers must have the constitutions of horses—yes, more, of mules—to stand their "poisonous" streets, their "diseased" milk, &c. We freely own up that such filth and such food would kill us Philadelphians.

CURIOUS, RATHER.—Mr. J. B. Tarpley, of Granada, Miss., writes to us as follows:

"Mr. John D Melton was having some clearing done in the woods. They had felled a tree (a white oak) some two and a half feet through, and for exercise Mr. Melton took the first cut, about ten feet from the stump, and when he had cut to the centre of the log, he found a hollow space, about three inches in diameter and five feet in length, (the balance of the tree perfectly sound,) in which he found a hawk's claw in perfect preservation, together with a bone of some size, which must have been there over one hundred years, as the layers of the tree seem to indicate."

COAL.—Those interested in the coal trade say that coal will not come down, because, though there is some twenty-five per cent. excess over last year's stock, it will not supply the "probable demand." They *estimate* an increase in the consumption of some forty to fifty per cent., and thereby *prove* a deficiency. It will not do, gentlemen; buyers will take the advice of the Tribune, and hold off, and you must put down coal to a *bearable* price. The present rates are factitious, being not called for by the laws of supply and demand.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—The report from Warsaw, that the Russian Senate had taken the great liberty of protesting against the war, and advising the immediate evacuation of the Principalities, is very important—especially, if it be true that the heir to the throne sanctioned the movement. The Emperor is said to have immediately left for Cronstadt, after receiving the memorial, and its effect therefore could not be conjectured.

NOT BAD.—The following toast recently was given at a celebration in Yarmouth, Mass., by Josiah Quincy:

The memory of the Patriarch Abraham—No wonder that one should have been the father of the faithful, who had the wisdom, when his only son wanted a wife, to *send down east* to get one.

New Publications.

Who censures all, his censure is pointless; who praises all, his praise is worthless.

BERTHA AND LILY: Or, The Parsonage of Beech Glen. A Romance, by ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH. New York, J. C. Derby, No. 8 Park Place. Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co. Cincinnati, H. W. Derby.

A work unique in character and elegant in style, for both which merits we feel safe in predicting for it a broad distribution. The substance of the book, aside from its romance of incident, is perhaps rather startling than actually original, being a new and highly poetical expression of a doctrine in itself not unfamiliar to a large minority in our community—the larger capacities and rights of woman. There is, throughout, so close and delicate a blending of theory and romance, that, while those most deeply interested in this special phase of reform must rejoice at so unflinching an expression of convictions, the lovers of literature will be fain to swallow the doctrine for the taste of the poetry.

In all works of fiction, however, the writer owes to the reader, besides power and honesty of purpose, a certain *artistic integrity*, a fitness of incident to surroundings, which may not be violated with impunity. When Shakspeare recounts the marvels that happened to Miranda and her father, on their enchanted island, the reader receives the wondrous narration with complacency, finding in it the kind of truth which is proper to the kind of fiction. But had the writer associated such events or characters with the story of Benedick and Beatrice, the reader's sense of fitness would have been painfully disturbed.

When Mrs. Smith avowedly enters the realm of improbability, as in her exquisite story of the Salamander, teaching us highest truth in sweetest fable, we accept the marvellous characters and incidents undemurring, feeling them not the less truths for not being *facts*; but when the same writer opens to us a couple of modern journals, locates the hero and heroine in our midst, and associates them with real matter of fact Yankee men and women, we have a right to demand that her incidents shall be probable, and her characters such as might possibly be met with in this conventional world wherein they purport to dwell and write their journals. John True, staunch friend and disciple of Bertha, the chief heroine, is an excellent character, perhaps a trifle too sentimental; his wife, Defiance, a pious shrew, takes her place in the world, of right, as being no less an actual creation than many having the advantage of her in visible flesh and blood. The parson, a poetical but well meaning young man, is (excepting his occasional privilege of seeing spirits) tolerably real; also the charming Julia, the representative woman of the present conventional world. Bertha, the ideal woman, offends our sense of consistency by appearing too magnificently immaculate; too infallibly wise, and too liberally endowed with special inspiration, visions, and other psychological or physiological affections, which we have always been in the habit of attributing to a diseased condition in the subject, but which are here assumed to be the especial attributes of the sex, in a higher stage of development.

In all these gifts, however, Bertha is excelled by the child Lily, of whom we give a glimpse from Bertha's journal:—

"Lily often comes to see me, and her sweet spiritual nature is one of the finest of human revelations. She is a seer, a prophet, as all women will be, more or less, as the sex is emancipated from servility. She has visions of fine essences, who come to her naturally, as to a sister being. A beautiful spirit, whom she sweetly names the child angel, is her constant companion," &c.

Now, to imagine a character, how excellent soever, and present it to the world as a poetical conception, is certainly allowable and beautiful; but to endow a hero or heroine with extra human attributes, and to found thereon a series of arguments or axioms in support of a theory, seems scarcely legitimate, either in logic or art.

PERISCOPICS; Or, Current Subjects Extemporaneously Treated. By WILLIAM ELDER. Published by J. C. Derby, New York.

Dr. Elder, the author of these extemporaneous sketches, is what Goethe would style a many-sided man. He is a doctor of medicine, a doctor of law—(a doctor of laws, in fact, whether he has ever been honored with the degree, or not)—besides being an eloquent orator, a ready writer, and one of the best story-tellers that ever beguiled one or more friends during a leisure hour. He can—or could, if occasion required—with equal facility raise a patient from a sick bed, extricate a client from a legal difficulty, write an elaborate essay, or deliver an extemporaneous address—on any subject, or upon all subjects—at a moment's notice. The Doctor is, in fact, always "ready, aye, ready"—for almost anything—either funny or serious, scientific or metaphysical, romantic or historical. These "Periscopics" consist of a collection of articles—sketches of character, tales, and essays—most of which made their first appearance in some of our best magazines and newspapers. The articles, it seems, were freely pruned by some of the author's critical friends, before appearing in the book; and "one of those friends," remarks the Doctor, "frankly told me that he never saw articles which would better bear cutting up." He facetiously adds, "The criticism was, fortunately, an ambiguous one, and, of course, I interpreted it comfortably." Some people may think the volume would not have been injured by a little more reducing; but most people, we surmise, would rather have more than less of "the same sort." It is altogether an excellent book, and will be read with great delight by thousands.

FIFTY YEARS IN BOTH HEMISPHERES: Or, Reminiscences of the Life of a Former Merchant. By VINCENT NOLTE. (Translated from the German.) Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

If the author of this book has not "seen the [illegible] impressed with the idea that punctuality is as truly the soul of business as brevity is the soul of wit." He saw Napoleon when he was achieving his first campaign in Italy, and was one of General Jackson's volunteer soldiers at the battle of New Orleans, for neither of which heroes he seems to have entertained any sincere or hearty affection. He built flat boats at Pittsburg, and witnessed Robert Fulton's steamboat when she first steamed from the wharf at New York—was wrecked off the coast of Florida, and imprisoned in the Queen's Bench, London—was suspected of having the plague in Malta, and did have the yellow fever at New Orleans—he peeped into the crater of Ætna and was shaken by an earthquake at Louisville—was familiar with Napoleon's whole career and knew all about Burr's conspiracy—has been a Yankee cotton speculator at New Orleans and a newspaper editor in Hamburg—has been a commissary of Louis Philippe and has mingled in the disastrous schemes of Nicholas Biddle—has handled and possessed untold millions of money and has lived on bread and cheese, (and could only afford himself scanty allowance of that plain fare) in the city of Venice—that romantic city which was idolized by Byron and has been immortalized by Shakspeare. Nolte is a vain and garrulous, but entertaining and amusing old gentleman, who seldom looks at the bright side of a living human picture, and who confesses that he dearly loves a bit, (and he might confess that it was a pretty large bit, too) of scandal. He says bitter and ludicrous things of Napoleon and Jackson, Scott and Livingston, and of many others. His sneers at Jackson and other distinguished Americans, among whom we may mention Henry Clay, do him no credit. His sympathies were entirely with the English at New Orleans, though he volunteered to fight for the Americans. He, however, lets out the secret why he *volunteered*. He was afraid to do anything else, because he might be suspected of being friendly to the Red Coats. He, however, did his duty like a man; and, after the victory was won, fought a duel with a hair-brained ninny, by whom he was so badly wounded in the leg that he was confined to his bed for several days. He commenced these Reminiscences at Hamburg, in his seventieth year, and finished them in his seventy-third, his greatest desire having been, he says, in writing them, to free himself from all illusions about his own force, and to prove that he had not over-estimated his capabilities. His life has been a most eventful one—full of strange incidents—and his book, containing, as it does, much useful information—historical, commercial, artistic, besides being freely interspersed with anecdote and gossip—is an interesting, and more instructive, than one-half of the romances of the day. "Truth is stranger than fiction," and always will be.

WALDEN; Or, Life in the Woods. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

We have, now and then, in this jostling, civilized world, an unmistakable human oddity, and the author of this strange, but interesting book, is one of that class. He is evidently a gentleman of education and refined tastes; but, before he had attained to middle age, he appears—after having summed up and weighed the matter—to have come to the conclusion that Modern Civilization is a delusion and a sham. He, therefore, hied to the woods—a mile from any neighbor—on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Mass., where he had previously built himself a house—which house cost him not quite thirty dollars—and earned his living by the labor of his hands. Here he dwelt—(subsisting on rye and Indian meal without yeast, potatoes, rice, green corn, peas, a little salt pork, and less molasses and salt)—for two years and two months, and then returned to civilized life again, where he is at present a sojourner—probably a wiser, if not a better, man. While thus "alone in his glory," our eccentric author worked a little, visited now and then, roamed about in the woods, (watching the ways of the birds, squirrels, and coons) by day, and in the evening gazed upon the moon and stars, until he chose to retire to his lonely rest. He does not like the restraints of social life, saying that "it is hard to have a Southern overseer—worse to have a Northern one—and worst of all, when you are the slave-driver of yourself." In his humble dwelling, he had three pieces of limestone on his table—for ornament, we suppose—but finding, to his horror, that they wanted dusting every morning, he threw them out of the window. He is no believer in either expensive houses, furniture, clothes, food, or anything else—neither does he like to be crowded, and he is a little selfish, withal; for he remarks, "I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion." He grieves for the good old days of Adam and Eve—yes, he sighs, not for the good time coming, but for the good time long since past and gone. He appears to envy the lot of the birds, beasts, and wild Indians, and to entertain strong doubts whether our boasted Civilization is a real advance in the condition of man. He would much prefer the tub of Diogenes to the palace of a monarch—the costume of a South Sea Islander to the robes of a Prince—the simplest and plainest repast to the most delicious and sumptuous banquet. Pity it is, that he was not created a turtle, that his shell might be his shelter, as he styles a house—or a bear, and then his furry hide would serve him both for shelter and raiment. Nevertheless, his "Life in the Woods" is a most fascinating book.

Clippings.

☞ A desperate fight took place recently, at Root's daguerreotype rooms, between two striking likenesses.

☞ The hatred of the Circassians to their Russian rulers is so strong that all matrimonial alliances between the two people are looked upon with horror, the Circassian girl preferring slavery, or even death, to marriage with the Cossack.

☞ There is a man down East so tall that he is obliged to get up a ladder to put his hat on!

☞ An Irishman coming from the Fourth of July considerably bewildered, and seeing the houses and everything else going round in a queer manner, concluded that the easiest way to get quickly home was "to stand still till his own door passed him, and then make a dive for it."

☞ "Old Bachelors—Leafless trunks in a garden of roses. Each dwelling is to them a suggestion—each bird's nest a standing admonition."

☞ "I hope you have a good husband, madam?" said a reverend gentleman, to a lady arrayed in the *depth* of fashion. "Yes, sir," replied she, "and a good man, too, I think." "I don't know what to say about his goodness," added the minister, "for my Bible teaches me that a good man should clothe his wife, but he lets you go half naked!"

☞ Prof. Stowe, who has a vow registered on earth and in Heaven, not to shave his beard until the Fugitive Slave Law is repealed, has now upon his face and chin, a growth of human fleece which makes him resemble one of the ancient patriarchs.

☞ "Mith Thimmoth," said a lisping little fellow of five, "I'm alwath real glad when you come a vithiting to our houth." "Are you, my little dear—you are fond of me, then?" "No, that ain't it, Mith Thimmoth; but 'cauth then we alwath have two kindth of pieth."

☞ The words that "fell" from an "orator's mouth," were taken up uninjured, and attached to those that "hung on his lips."

☞ An auctioneer, at a late sale of antiques, put up a helmet, with the following candid observation: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder—but whether he was a brass or iron founder I cannot indeed tell."

☞ Young Lady: "Pray, cabman, are you engaged." Cabman: "Lor bless yer, Miss—why I've bin *married* this seven years."

☞ A youngster being chased by a wild cow, while on his way to school, ran into a thicket, and not returning home till late, was asked by his mother, where he had been? "A cow-hiding, ma!" was the precocious reply of the little fellow.

☞ The unfortunate youth who was drowned a few days ago, in a "flood of tender recollections," was slowly recovering; but yesterday he fell from the sublime to the ridiculous, and was fatally injured.

☞ The present year is said, by those who note such matters, to be the driest since the year 1826.

☞ The Boston Commonwealth says: "On the last night of the session, when other members were drunk, the *eccentric* Mike Walsh was *sober*!"

☞ GEORGE SAND.—Strange rumors have gone abroad of late concerning the determination which after mature reflection, has seized upon George Sand of retiring for ever from the world and leading a religious life. For this [illegible]

☞ There is a good story of an eccentric [illegible] pocket.

☞ A cotemporary, noticing the fact that the young dandies in Paris have begun the fashion of tying green gauze veils to their hats to protect their delicate complexions from the darkening power of the sun's rays, says:—"They only want the feathers to make them real green *gauselings*."

☞ The difference between a carriage-horse and a carriage-wheel is this: one goes best when tired, and the other don't.

☞ A late New Orleans paper says: "We are requested to state that *all persons known to have been disappointed* in reaching Lake Borgne by the Mexican Gulf cars on Sunday last, *can go to that place free of charge* on any day this week or next. The trains are running regularly four times daily. We are also assured that the passenger cars being much stronger than usual, *no one can get hurt in them under any circumstances*." That is the railroad for a "fast man" to travel on.

☞ The man who held an office, got tired, and let go for the purpose of resting himself a short time. The office got away, and he has not been heard of since.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Queen of Spain has succeeded in patching up a temporary arrangement with Espartero, and in doing so makes a number of humiliating concessions, which show how just the grounds for insurrection were. Espartero seems to command the Junta at Madrid, which considers itself the centre of the movement. A constitutional monarchy appears to be the highest aim of this party, as they say in their address to the Queen, that the insurrection is "against a bad government, not against the monarchical principle." The Queen has yielded to all Espartero's demands, which were the immediate convocation of the Cortes, the organization of the National Guard, the removal of Palace influences, the nomination of the Ministers to the high posts in the Court, and the re-establishment of the Constitution of 1837.

Considerable excitement has been created at Denton, Md., by the discovery that an Englishman, named John Howard, who pretended to be a Methodist preacher, was an impostor. The Denton Journal says suspicions were aroused by the fact that he had contracted engagements of marriage with two young ladies. Letters had been obtained showing that he is the same person who figured last year at South Groton, Mass., under the name of James Cooper, or Cowper, where he married a Miss Fletcher; subsequently he created a sensation at Rockland Lake, Mass., and in January last came near securing the charge of the Clay Street Chapel at Richmond, Va. The fellow was arrested.

Gen. Lane, of Oregon, has been lying ill at the President's House since the adjournment of Congress, but is now convalescent. It is said the President, on hearing of his indisposition at his boarding-house, sent for him and made him a guest at the Executive Mansion during his sickness.

It is whispered abroad that there is some prospect that ere long a Bonaparte will be raised to the papal throne. The present Pope is said to be in very bad health, and it is not probable that he will long survive. Parties are already looking anxiously forward to the time when his decease will occasion a new election. Of all these parties, perhaps Louis Napoleon is the most interested. His cousin, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, second son of the Prince de Canino, has taken holy orders, and is said to be in every way an eligible person for such an office. He would have the double advantage of being a Bonaparte and a naturalized Italian.

The Crystal Palace Directors have authorized their President to sell the entire concern, with all the fixtures and property of the Association, deliverable on or after the 1st of November next, for one-half its actual cost. The first cost is understood to have been about $700,000. Competent engineers and architects have decided that the palace can be taken down, removed to the Battery, and put up again for $50,000 or less; or be taken down, removed to Philadelphia, or Boston, and put up for less than $75,000.

At the Summit House on Mount Washington, during the month of July, the highest point attained by the thermometer was 70 degrees. This was on the 20th. The 13th was the coldest day, the thermometer being then as low as 31 degrees.

An officer of Boston was called upon the other day, by a stout Irish lass, who stated that she had a case that demanded his immediate attendance. He was taken into one of the upper rooms of a house, where sat upon a stool, a stupid looking Irishman, smoking a short, dirty pipe. The woman commenced a volley of abuse upon the "blackguard," who it seems, had promised to marry her, had walked with her upon the Common, had treated her to soda and candy at the apothecaries, but had finally, at the critical moment, backed out. As she talked, the false one smoked and winked, and winked and smoked, but never a word he said. The officer, after a few words of advice to the woman, departed.

A hotel for the colored people of the United States, is about to be erected in New York, by Wm. B. Astor, P. T. Barnum, Horace Greeley, and others. The edifice is to be built of brown sand-stone, and will be leased to colored men. None but colored people will be allowed to board there.

The fine volume about Cuba, which the author calls Gan-Eden, lately out, is said to be from the pen of Mr. Wm. H. Hurlbut, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1847—a native of the South, but now and for several years past, a resident of Cambridge. After leaving College, he travelled, and studied in Europe.

James Gardner, of Great Barrington, killed a white heron in Salisbury, Ct., a few days ago, which measured 4 feet 8 inches from the tips of its wings, and 4 feet 1 inch in length from its bill.

The Toronto Globe states that, owing to the recent strike among printers, four young women are now setting type on that journal, and that they learn the mysteries of the art with great aptness. In several sections of the country, girls are seeking employment in printing-offices, and are making fine wages.

A New York paper tells us that peaches will not be abundant this year. The crop in New Jersey, will be only a quarter one, in Delaware about a half. Fine fruit is sold in New York for five dollars a basket. Arrivals there have been plenty. Apples are not promising much.

They are now experimenting at Saint Etienne, France, upon a new cuirass or breastplate for the army. The weight is very light, but it is said to be capable of resisting bullets at even short distances. The Loire manufacturers are again turning their attention to the forging of iron cannon.

The English flotilla in the Baltic, consists of from eighty to eighty nine armed boats, one-half carrying howitzers. They are divided into three squadrons, and each squadron into three divisions. A reserved squadron will be formed, consisting of the boats of the paddle and screw steam sloops.

During the late outbreak in Madrid, some very valuable pictures were sacrificed in the houses that were sacked. Count Quinto had had several precious specimens of the old masters, one in particular, for which he had refused £1,000 sterling. A choice library, belonging to Sartorious, was also committed to the flames. They estimate the value of Quinto's pictures at $18,000 or £20,000.

A portrait gallery of noted thieves and desperadoes has been commenced at Glasgow, by the chief constable, for the inspection of the public, in order to warn people against them.

A statue of Queen Isabella, of Spain, is to be erected in Havana, upon a column to be built for the purpose. A model for the statue has been made by Garbrille, a French sculptor, who will execute the work in marble in Italy. It is said to be an exquisite design.

A bridge is being built for the Danville road, across the Kentucky River, which will be one of the most magnificent in the world, if indeed it does not excel all others. It has one span of wire, from cliff to cliff, 1,200 feet long.

We see it announced that Mr. Bailhache, who has been an editor forty-two years, has relinquished the conduct of the Alton (Ill.) Telegraph. He was editor of what is now the Ohio State Journal at Columbus, some quarter of a century ago. When he first began his labors there was but one member of Congress (House) from the west of the Ohio.

Judge Marston, of the Newburyport Police Court, was brought before a simple Justice recently, on a complaint of the City Marshal, that his Honor allowed his dog to run at large—against the city ordinance.

The Belfast (Ireland) Mercury says, the extent to which the sale of Indian meal is carried on through the rural districts, seems really wonderful. At one steam mill, the average quantity turned out, for the past couple of months, exceeded fifty tons per week.

An English tourist, Mr. John Blackwell, climbed, on the 13th ult., up to the highest peak of the Wetterhorn, (12,000 feet) upon which he planted an iron flag. His guides were Bohren, of Chamouni, and Bauer, of Grindelwald, besides four chamois hunters.

The Sonora (California) Bulletin says:—"Many of our farmers are in a very distressed condition, having impoverished themselves by incurring debts in raising last year's potatoes, for which they could find no market. We know one extensive planter in Bogado, who has lost $20,000 by his heavy crop. Grain farmers have also been sufferers to a great extent, as their produce did not bring a price equal to the cost of labor."

Governor Wright, of Indiana, has been invited to deliver the Annual Address before the New York State Agricultural Fair in October next.

The Salem Journal says that Mr. Joseph Pond, of Salem, recently had two of his houses cleared of tenants in a summary manner, by the aid of a Catholic priest. Some difficulty occurred between the Irish tenants and their neighbors, and the priest, fearing trouble, proceeded to curse the houses. As the Irishmen did not dare to occupy a house accursed, they were completely cleared of their tenants in the course of a week.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Baltic, at New York, we have Liverpool dates to Aug. 9.

SPAIN.—The barricades have been taken down at Madrid. It was reported that an armed mob had forbidden Queen Christina to leave Madrid without payment of a large sum of money.

The wealthy inhabitants were leaving Barcelona, fearing an insurrection.

The Queen's mother defers her departure, as the roads are not yet considered safe.

When the body of the King's brother was removed for interment at Madrid, he followed it in the disguise of a priest.

There is an interesting letter from Madrid in the Paris Presse, of Monday. It would appear from what the writer says, that the story of a quarrel between the Queen and her mother, respecting the conditions laid down by Espartero, had no foundation. It has been said that Queen Christina was furious against her daughter for being disposed to treat with Espartero. The correspondent of the Presse gives a very different account. The Queen, he says, had been advised, by nine foreign Ambassadors at Madrid, to abdicate in favor of her daughter, but was deterred by her mother, who said that to do this would be the destruction of her dynasty, for her daughter would be set aside in three months. She advised her to accept the conditions of Espartero as the only chance of safety.

THE WAR.—On the 18th of July the Anglo-French fleet left Baro Sound. The *Swenska Tidningen*, of Stockholm, publishes a statement that on the 3d inst. a French force "occupied Aland," after a bombardment of seven hours. The statement is vague and unconfirmed. A despatch from Stockholm, Aug. 3, states, however, that a cannonading was heard during six hours in the direction of Aland.

An occurrence is reported which has caused much excitement in England. The British war steamer Cyclops was chased, when near the Bosphorus, by the Russian steam frigate Vladimir, which, every one supposed, was safely shut up in the harbor of Sebastopol. Equally astonishing is the fact, that the other day a Russian steamer ran into the harbor of Heraclea and burned three Turkish merchantmen at anchor there. One of the burned ships was laden with coal from the Heraclea mines, and destined for the allied squadron. The captains were carried off, and the crews put into a boat and turned adrift.

The Russians have finally left Bucharest, and the place is now occupied by 32,000 Turks, under Omar Pacha. The report is contradicted. The Vienna conference met on the 4th and 5th instant. The reply of the French government to the Austrian note arrived at Vienna on the evening of the 2d, when the English and French ministers officially communicated to Count Buol the unconditional rejection of the Russian propositions by France and England.

The Russian Prince Labaloff had brought important despatches to Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, and it was said that the Russian Embassy was packing up preparatory to leaving Vienna.

The expedition against Crimea and Sebastopol had left Varna. There was nothing definite as to the result of the bombardment of either place, although it was ordered, and had no doubt taken place. Great anxiety was manifested to know the result. Bomarsund was also to be attacked, as was generally expected.

Two English steamers, after having destroyed the Russian convents on the shores of the White Sea, have entered the Gulf of Onegahain, near Archangel.

At Cronstadt, the Archduke Constantine had a narrow escape from drowning by the upsetting of a boat. Admiral Galitzin and four seamen were drowned.

The Turkish army was advancing cautiously on Bucharest. The rear guard of the Russian forces was about half way between Bucharest and Buseom.

It was said that retrograde movements were being made from Waldavia. It was reported that, according to agreement between the Porte and the Austrian Envoy, the Turks are not to enter Bucharest, and that the Turkish troops are to be withdrawn from the Danube on the arrival of the Austrians. Omar Pacha has promised that Wallachia shall not be made the theatre of military events.

The Inflexible reached Constantinople on the 27th, bringing several more prizes from the Sulina mouth of the Danube, where the British blockading force have most effectually levelled every building, barring a church, in which the enemy could ensconse himself.

An official despatch from Odessa reached Vienna late on Saturday, stating that the French and English fleets were seen off Sebastopol on the 30th, the steamers having transports in tow. This news was conveyed from Sebastopol to Odessa in a day, and immediately telegraphed through to St. Petersburg.

Omar Pacha had asked for permission to make lodgement for twelve thousand men in Bucharest, and that rations for twenty thousand men should be supplied outside of the walls.

The British steamer Fury entered Sebastopol in the night. She was fired at with shot and shell, but suffered no damage.

The cholera in the English camp at Varna was decreasing.

We have nothing later from the army in Asia. Some time since the Russian ship Cesarewitch, 763 tons, with a valuable cargo of silks and teas, from Shanghae, succeeded in gaining refuge in the port of Hamburg. To the surprise of the public, the British and French governments have sent a peremptory demand to the Senate of Hamburg to deliver her up as a prize, [illegible] she had gone on board.

A letter from the camp at Devno, Bulgaria, of date July 21, has the following: "Colonel Bohlen, of the United States army, has returned to Constantinople after a tour on the Danube, and he has made a very erroneous calculation that there will be no war, or at least no fighting this year."

The Univers says: "The Russian Archimandrite of Jerusalem has been at Rome for some weeks. On the other hand, Prince Gregory [illegible], attache at the Russian Legation at [illegible], arrived in that city about a fortnight [illegible], with despatches from his government. [illegible], the German journals announce that a Russian agent has likewise been sent to Rome, to give explanations in the name of the Czar, respecting the questions of the Holy Places. Thus, it will be perceived, Russian diplomacy does not remain idle."

ITALY.—The cholera is decreasing. Slight [illegible] had occurred at Prato and Pistoja, in Tuscany. The crops are abundant in Lombardy, the Venetian territory, Sardinia, Tuscany, the Papal States and Naples. Wheat, which in Lombardy was a few weeks since at 75 [illegible], has fallen to 40.

[illegible].—The overland mail has arrived. [illegible] dates speak of a disposition towards peace on the part of the Court of Ava. The Russians had captured the fortress of Kocan. The Dutch expedition against Borneo was successful. The corvette Sumatra was destroyed by fire.

PORTUGAL.—An attempt had been made to get up an [illegible] at Lisbon, in imitation of Madrid, but unsuccessfully. Don Miguel has sent to the courts of Berlin and Vienna a protest against any scheme for the union of Spain and Portugal, as he regards all such proposals as an infringement on his claims to the Portuguese throne.

[illegible].—Brown & Shipley report the sales of the last three days at 23,000. Orleans fair 6¾, Middling [illegible]; Upland fair 6½, Middling [illegible]. The demand from [illegible] is freely met by holders. Sales to speculators 3,000, and for export 200. Trade at Manchester has slightly improved.

[illegible].—Wheat has improved 2d. Fair [illegible] have improved most. White, [illegible]; Red, [illegible]. For Flour the demand has been fair, and holders are firm. Moderate sales to the trade [illegible]; Ohio, 31s. Yellow Corn has been in good demand, and prices have advanced. Yellow and White, [illegible].

MONEY MARKET.—Consols 92[illegible].

AN UPSET AMONG THE ODD-FELLOWS.—Recently, in consequence of the Lodge of Odd-Fellows called the "Polar Star" failing or refusing to comply with some order issued by the Grand Lodge of the Society, they were expelled from the Order, and their regalia seized, and, it is alleged, with both public and private property. Not being able to get any news of the property, an application was made before Justice Wood for a search warrant, which was granted and placed in the hands of officer De [illegible], of the Third District Police Court, who went to the Odd-Fellows' Hall, and learnt from [illegible] that the regalia and other missing property was in the safe, and the keys in the possession of the Grand Master, who is absent in Westchester county. The safe was not broken open, upon the promise that the property should be delivered into the custody of the law upon the procurement of the key. A great excitement at present prevails in the Order in consequence of the steps which have been taken against the members of the "Polar Star."—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

PROPERTY DESTROYED AT SAN JUAN.—The French subjects of San Juan are said to be making out their little bill for $600,000. M. de Barreuille is reported to have lost to the value of $100,000. The English estimate will probably far exceed the French. It is stated that one English merchant had 80 large packages of valuable merchandise in his stores, on transit to the Western coast. The Spaniards will probably come out for half a million. And along with all these claims, it is said that the claim of our own citizens will be over a million. The factory of the American Accessory Transit Company is in British possession, so declared on the [illegible] by Commander Hancock, of H. M.'s ship-of-war *Espiegle*. At the same time, another English war ship, the Argus, was expected at San Juan, and some ships from the French West India squadron.

THE CITY OF GLASGOW—A FRAGMENT SEEN AT SEA.—The British barque, Briton's Pride, at Boston, reports that on the 12th of August, when in latitude 41 degs. 5 mins. west, having passed a chest painted green, with the initials "J. M." and the words "City of Glasgow," in a gilt, ornamental wreath. The vessel also passed a head-board about twelve feet long, with letters upon it, but not readable.

[The agent of the line in Philadelphia, Samuel Baird, Esq., expresses a doubt as to the correctness of this story, from the improbability of a vessel being near enough to read the inscription, and yet not pick up such an interesting relic of the missing steamship. The head-board also could not have belonged to the City of Glasgow, as she had none. The initials on the chest agree with those of one of the ordinary passengers on board.—George Baker.]—*North American.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

NEW YORK.—The Anti-Nebraska State Convention was held at Saratoga, on the 16th. John A. King was appointed preliminary Chairman. John Sedgwick, of New York, and Wm. Stewart, of [illegible], Secretaries.

The Organization Committee reported the following permanent officers: President, Ex-Chancellor Wm. T. McCoun, of Queens county; Vice Presidents, R. N. Havens, Edward Perry, F. P. Bellinger, Luke Hitchcock, Lewis Kingsley, Freeman Clark, Geo. B. Benedict; Secretaries, J. J. Chambers, Wm. Stewart, J. H. Kimberly, J. H. Howell, L. P. Noble.

Mr. Greeley reported a series of resolutions, avowing that all States must hereafter come into the Union as free States, approving the union of all opponents of the Nebraska Bill on the ground of freedom and free soil, and adjourning the Convention to Auburn, Sep. 26th, to settle upon a ticket for the State election.

After Mr. Greeley had finished reading the resolutions, Mr. Raymond re-read them one by one, and they were voted upon, most of them receiving a unanimous vote. Debating and voting upon them took up nearly all the time of the Convention. A resolution offered by Prof. J. W. Fowler—pledging the Convention to support no man or measures that will subject us to a foreign hierarchy—was not acted upon.

The Know-Nothings in Mr. Cutting's District, have nominated Col. Hiram Fuller, of the Mirror, their candidate for Congress.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Whig State Convention met in Boston, on the 16th. The permanent officers consist of Franklin Dexter, of Beverly, President; Josiah Quincy, Sr., and 23 others, Vice Presidents, and five Secretaries. A series of resolutions were unanimously adopted, two of which were as follows:

Resolved, That the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 contains harsh and arbitrary provisions, which are unnecessary to secure any rights of slaveholders under the Constitution—provisions which are justly obnoxious and odious to a free people, who claim by inheritance the right of trial by jury, and of the writ of habeas corpus, as the great safeguards of personal liberty; and we trust we shall never cease to demand such amendments as shall make it consistent with the constitutional rights of the free States—or failing in this, its unconditional repeal.

Resolved, That in the recent legislation which has aroused the indignation of the freemen of the North, we recognize anew the settled policy of the Democratic party, who have ever shown themselves subservient to the interests of slavery, and regardless of the welfare of the free States, and we arraign the President of the United States as having wantonly violated the pledges of his Inaugural Address, as having stooped from his high position, and prostituted the influence of his office for the purpose of unwarranted interference with the action of an independent co-ordinate branch of the Government; we arraign the present Administration for appointing to offices, both at home and abroad, foreigners of questionable character and doubtful fidelity, to the exclusion of native citizens of high reputation and lofty patriotism; for its cowardly attack upon a weak and defenceless community, upon the most trivial grounds, while it has not dared to insist upon the enjoyment, by American citizens in foreign countries, of that full measure of religious freedom which is possessed by all classes of men, of whatever faith, under the protection of the American Constitution, and we call upon all lovers of freedom and the friends of the free States to unite with us in a determined effort to rescue the government of the nation from their hands.

MISSOURI.—The election for Congressman in the St. Louis District of Missouri, has resulted in the defeat of Thomas H. Benton, and the election of Luther M. Kennett, Whig. The local contest in the city resulted in the success of the whole American ticket, and the defeat of the Benton ticket, which is identified with the foreign population especially. Col. Benton, since his defeat, has announced his intention of "stumping" it through Missouri, with the view of securing his election to the Senate. The St. Louis Intelligencer says that, "according to the last returns received, the Whigs have probably elected the entire delegation to Congress from that State, except in one district, and in that district, (which is on the border of Kansas) a Benton Democrat is elected." A later date says: "Phelps (Dem.) is elected to Congress by a handsome majority. The Legislature on joint ballot, will stand: Whigs, 63; Democrats, 60; and Benton men, 40."

OHIO.—Hon. Joshua C. Giddings, Free Soil, has been re-nominated to Congress from the Ashtabula District, Ohio.

Dr. Edson B. Olds, of Ohio, was re-nominated for Congress on Thursday week. Out of 63 votes in the Convention, he received 40 on the first ballot, Gen. S. W. Andrews, of Columbus, receiving 23.

MAINE.—The regular Democratic Convention of the First District, met at Saco, on the 17th, and nominated Judge Samuel Wells the candidate for Congress. Mr. McDonald, the present representative, who voted for the Nebraska Bill, did not receive a single vote.

IOWA.—The Burlington Telegraph says that "Grimes, the Whig candidate for Governor in Iowa, has a majority of 4,000. The House will be Whig, but the complexion of the Senate is doubtful." Thorrington, (Whig) is elected to Congress in Dubuque district by 1,500 majority. The Legislature is Whig and anti-Nebraska by a large majority in both branches. Clark, (Whig) is reported elected to Congress in Dennis district.

KENTUCKY.—A large Democratic meeting was held at Louisville on the 19th, at which resolutions were adopted expressing disapprobation of the Know-Nothing organization. Col. Caldwell delivered a forcible speech in opposition to the above organization. Some disturbance was anticipated, but it all passed off quietly.

VIRGINIA.—The special election in Kanawha, Va., district for a member of Congress to fill a vacancy, has resulted, according to the full official returns, in the election of C. S. Lewis, Dem., by a majority of 706 over his Whig opponent, Mr. B. H. Smith. The vote stood, Lewis 4,933, Smith 4,227.

ARKANSAS.—Returns from Crittenden county show that Greenwood (Dem.) has been elected to Congress without opposition.

TEXAS.—At the municipal election in Galveston, the Know-Nothing and Temperance ticket was successful. In the counties as far as heard from the No Liquor License ticket was successful.

THE BURNING OF GREYTOWN.—A portion of the Democratic papers, condemn the burning of Greytown in the strongest terms. The Charleston Mercury says: "The retribution has neither the excuse of passion nor the grace of chivalry. The inhabitants all left the town, and the Cyane bombarded the tenantless houses and harmless dry goods. As shot and shells proved too slow, a party landed, armed with torches, who set fire to the remaining houses. Was not this noble work for a ship of war of a great nation!"

The Maysville (Ky.) Express, says: "We can see no difference between our action at Greytown and a state of war. The President has not the power either to adjudge of or to punish of his will and decree an infraction of the laws of nations. His duties are of an executive and not of a judicial character. The power to declare war has been especially and exclusively reposed by the Constitution in Congress. The act of the administration was therefore a usurpation of authority, and an open violation of the Constitution. The documents relative to the affair which have reached us are in an abridged form, and we will defer publishing them until they appear in the Union. We shall anxiously watch their appearance, for the question is a grave one, involving the administration in unexampled difficulty, and seriously endangering the peace of the country. So far, we can see nothing which can be pleaded in justification of the act. It is an enormity unparalleled in the annals of the history of civilized nations, and is one which will probably invoke upon us the bitterest denunciation of the civilized world."

GEORGIA—STATE RIGHTS' DOCTRINE.—Judge Benning, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, has just decided that that tribunal is co-equal and co-ordinate with the Supreme Court of the United States, and not inferior or subordinate to that Court. He, however, makes a distinction as to their respective provinces, which is thus given by the Charleston Courier:

"That as to the reserved powers the State Court is supreme; that as to the delegate powers, the United States Court is supreme; that as to powers both delegated and reserved, *concurrent powers*, both Courts, in the language of Hamilton, are 'equally supreme;' and that, as a consequence, the Supreme Court of the United States has no jurisdiction over the Supreme Court of Georgia; and cannot, therefore, give it an order or make for it a *precedent*."

KANSAS.—The New England settlement in Kansas, is located on the right bank of the Kansas River, about forty miles from its mouth, and seven miles beyond the Wakarusa River. Here the pioneer company has halted and proceeded to enter claims upon the land, it being understood that the Aid Company in Massachusetts will make that spot the base of their future operations, and will forthwith, or as soon as possible, send men and money to carry effectually forward their enterprise. The agent of the Company, Mr. C. H. Branscomb, who went out with the pioneer party, has returned to Worcester, Mass., and this doubtless is the person whom the St. Louis Republican spoke of as going back disappointed. It appears that he has come back on business, and will return to Kansas with the next party of emigrants which it is expected will consist of about one thousand persons, and will leave New England in the latter part of the present month. Mr. Branscomb gives a very encouraging account of the territory, and of the prospects of the first band of emigrants. They have laid out a town, commenced the construction of their cabins, and formed a regular squatter organization. Mr. B. says that their expectations respecting the country were fully realized, and in the abundance of its springs of pure, sweet and excellent water, it far exceeded their anticipation. He says:

"One slaveholder in Franklin, Mo., explored the country, and having selected a claim near where the New England Company have located, returned to Missouri and removed his effects, including four slaves, on to the location. On his arrival, finding the population coming in from the free States, and judging well the consequences, he re-packed his effects, and took them and the slaves back again to Missouri."

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE CZAR FROM BEING CAPTURED BY AN ENGLISH WAR STEAMER.—The Times, in a leading article, gives an interesting statement of an incident which might easily have been turned to account in the capture of the Emperor Nicholas and part of the imperial family. An English yacht belonging to Lords Lichfield and Euston had ventured so near to Cronstadt that a Russian steamer put out to sea with the intention of cutting her off.

A war steamer, seeing the danger to which the yacht was exposed, advanced with all speed to her relief and soon obtained such a position that the yacht was saved. This being accomplished, the commander of the English steamer put her head round, although the little Russian steamer could easily have been captured had he known that on board of this Russian vessel were the Emperor Nicholas, his son, the Archduke Constantine, the Archduchess, his wife, and the Russian Admiral.

SHOCKING SUPERSTITION

OR BLASPHEMY OF "SPIRITUALISTS."

The New Era, a spiritual paper, publishes an article about what is called the "Electrical Motor," or "New Saviour." The Era speaks of its deep satisfaction that the world is, by-and-bye, to be blessed beyond conception by this physical Saviour, through whose instrumentality a permanent material basis shall be laid for true spiritual salvation.

The new "Saviour" is a machine which has been constructed at Lynn, Mass., by the Spiritualists, which they claim to be semi-mechanical and semi-human. It has been denominated a "New Motive Power," and cost $2,000 to construct it. The New Era remarks that the Electric Motor is an exact correspondent of the human body, at least as far as *[illegible] action* is concerned. It was constructed under Spirit direction, and chiefly at Spear's expense. This done, the next thing was to put life in it, which brings us to the most extraordinary part of the business.

The story is, that Mrs. ——— became informed some months since, by spiritual intelligence, that she would become a mother in a new sense—"the Mary of a new dispensation." This announcement, though made in a very impressive manner, was not believed by those who heard it. Nobody suspected it had any reference to the machine on High Rock. Mrs. ——— had previously experienced sensations analogous to those attendant upon gestation; by-and-bye came a message through Spear, that she must visit High Rock. While there she experienced the peculiar sensations of parturition—differing somewhat from the ordinary experience inasmuch as the throes were *internal*, and of the *spirit* rather than of the physical nature, but nevertheless quite as uncontrolable and not less severe than those pertaining to the latter. This extraordinary physiological phenomenon continued for about the space of two hours. Its purpose and results were wholly incomprehensible to all but herself, but her own perception is clear and distinct, that in these agonizing throes the most interior and refined elements of her spiritual being were imparted to and absorbed by the appropriate portions of the mechanism—its minerals having been made peculiarly receptive by previous chemical processes.

If anything more is needed of this fast emanation of crazyism, it is found in the assertion that the machine began to have life or pulsation, which increased under a process *precisely analogous to that of nursing!* Angelic intelligences have of course attended her, to explain all these mysteries. Spear and his fellow fools do not pretend to understand what the ultimate designs of the intelligences are.

To cap the climax of absurdity, we have the following statement:

In the New Era of July 5th, we find a vision had by J. Wolcott, which develops what is expected to be accomplished by this machine. It appears to grow in size, and "throw off from itself small machines after its own pattern," and those "in turn throw off a multitude of other little ones." Then he says:

"Next there appeared a movement among the machines, and the larger ones, which were now fully developed, moved away over the plain into the distance. In their path stood a great number of churches, of every size and variety, from the diminutive Methodist Chapel up to the stately Gothic Minister and St. Paul's Cathedral. But the machines did not turn out of their course at all, running over and through those temples, completely demolishing them to heaps of worthless ruins."

THE AMERICAN BONAPARTES.—Mr. Jerome Bonaparte and his son, of Baltimore, have arrived in Paris, and have been received at the Tuilleries and St. Cloud by the Emperor and Empress, with all the honors of princes of the Imperial family. The *Siècle* publishes the following details respecting them:

It is on the invitation of the Emperor and Empress that these two members of the family have come into Europe. Their stay will not exceed two months. Perhaps, however, the son, who is a Lieutenant in the Army of the United States, will remain in Europe, and go to the theatre of war in Turkey. It has been rumored that he had manifested the desire to serve in the French Army; but, as the young man himself says, this is not true. As to his father, it is not from personal ambition that he has come to Paris. Mr. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte is proud of his title of American citizen; he is wealthy, is the head of a numerous family, and does not meddle with the political affairs of Europe.

Our readers no doubt remember that he is the son of Prince Jerome and of Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, whom the Prince married in 1803, when he visited the United States. The Emperor Napoleon refused to recognize this marriage, and he annulled it by decree; but Pope Pius VII. refused to sanction or ratify that decree. The wife of the Emperor's brother was not allowed to enter France. She retired to England, where her son Jerome Napoleon was born at Camberwell, in 1805. The Baltimore citizen is then at present in his 49th year. His son, who has passed his examinations at the Military School of West Point, is 22 years of age. One of the passengers of the Franklin, the steamer in which the two Bonapartes arrived, has told us that they caused themselves to be generally remarked during the voyage by their modesty, the simplicity of their costume, and their desire to remain unperceived in the crowd.

The father is a living portrait of the Emperor Napoleon I., as represented by painters and sculptors. He is very tall, has a dark complexion, black hair and expressive eyes. The son is still taller than the father, but he has not the family air. His mother was Miss Williams, of Baltimore. Mr. J. N. Bonaparte was carried by Mrs. Patterson to the United States, and there received an excellent education. On leaving the University, he studied law and was admitted an advocate in the State of Maryland. His private fortune has been increased by that which his wife brought him, and by a legacy of Cardinal Fesch, uncle to the Emperor. The present is not the first time that Mr. Bonaparte has visited Europe. In 1827, the ex-King Jerome received him in his palace at Florence, with the greatest marks of affection.

Mrs. Patterson, whose divorce was ratified and regularized by a law of the Legislature of Maryland visited Paris after the return of the Bourbons in 1816. Her peculiar position, and the affection which she retained for her husband, though separated from him, attracted to her the sympathies of the first females of Paris. M'me de Genlis, who has devoted some pages to Mrs. Patterson in her Memoirs, conceived great friendship for her. Mrs. Patterson still lives in the State of Maryland happy in obscurity, and without regret for the rank she has lost. Her brother, Mr. George Patterson, is one of the richest farmers in Maryland. Mr. Bonaparte had occupied himself a good deal with literature, science and agriculture. In agriculture he is practically experienced, and has obtained unprecedented results.

P. S. The resignation of Brevet Second Lieutenant Bonaparte was received at the War Department on the 14th inst. The Emperor has taken the young American Bonaparte under his wing, having conferred upon him the same rank in the French Army which he held in that of the United States.

On the trial of a woman named Sarah Morgnett, charged with infanticide, at Greenbrier, Va., the only witness by whom the *fact* of the killing could be proved, was a little girl of about ten years of age, but she refused to speak, and no coaxing or commanding could even make her raise her eyes. The prosecuting attorney was non-plussed, for the girl had said nothing, and could not therefore be guilty of contempt, especially considering her age. The prisoner was therefore discharged for want of evidence.

Local News.

THE SALT MAN.—On Tuesday afternoon week, about 1 o'clock, a well-dressed man entered a boarding house, No. 202 south Front street, kept by a Mr. Fox, and engaged boarding. He returned in a few moments with a small trunk, and was shown to his room. After he had been in the room about ten minutes he came down stairs and inquired what time tea would be ready. Being informed, he started out for a stroll, and we regret to learn that he has not since been heard of. On Wednesday afternoon it was discovered that the trunk of one of the boarders had been broken open, and $100 in gold and $160 on the Southwark Bank taken therefrom. A silver watch was also taken. On opening the trunk left behind by the missing individual, it was found to contain a few bags of salt. This skillful robber is known as the "Salt Man." Keepers of boarding houses should be on the look out for this Diddler. The bags of salt have been left in numerous other places.

LEAPED FROM A WINDOW.—Wm. Henly, a druggist, occupying a house in Pine street, below Seventh, about 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning week, leaped from the second story window, while laboring under the effects of a dream, being asleep. The watchman of the beat was passing at the time and hearing a noise in the house, supposed robbers to be about, when suddenly an up stair window was thrown up and a man leaped out. He was seriously injured about the head and otherwise bruised. Mr. Henly was alone in the house at the time, his family being at Bustleton. He was taken into the adjoining house and his injuries examined. The watchman gained admittance into the house by means of a ladder, and then opening the front door. The injured man was taken into his own house.

GUNNING ACCIDENT.—On Monday evening week, a lad, named McCall, was seriously injured by the premature discharge of a gun in the hands of a young man, while gunning in the vicinity of the Southwark Canal. Most of the load entered the abdomen, breast, face and arms of the lad. He was taken to the drug store of Dr. Nebinger, where many of the shot were removed. One or two shot had penetrated his eyelids, but it is supposed his sight remains unimpaired. The accident happened from the hammer slipping from his thumb just as he had put a cap upon the tube. A number of persons were standing around at the time, and two young men, Alexander Davison, and another named Blizzard, were both wounded by the shot, though not seriously.

A QUEER CASE.—A colored man, engaged in vending ice cream on Monday afternoon week, in the Second Ward, was seized by John Murray, one of the Mayor's police, in the most unceremonious manner, and hurried before Alderman Eneu. The Alderman, on asking the nature of the charge, was told it was for a violation of the Sunday law, in selling ice cream about the streets. The officer exhibited his badge as an evidence of his official capacity, of which the alderman expressed some doubt, in consequence of his being too deep in his potations to know the day of the week. The prisoner stated that he had been violently treated by the officer, and his clothing torn, when the Alderman ordered the officer to give bail to answer for a false arrest and assault and battery.

AN ANCIENT BRICK.—The workmen now employed in removing a brick partition in the upper part of the State House, on Thursday week came upon a remarkable brick of the olden time. It was marked N. Robinson, 1731, the impression having been evidently placed upon the brick previous to its being burnt. The brick has been placed in Independence Hall, with the other relics of the old time in the city of Penn. The room in which the brick was found is now being fitted up for the use of Councils. In consequence of the sinking of the floors and the breaking of the girders, a much longer time will be required to complete the chamber.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 325—Adults 120, and children 205.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

A BOHEMIAN SERENADE.

Selected Sketch.

THE HOUSEHOLD WRECK.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

Wit and Humor.

City Scenes.

WHAT MUST BE THE NEXT FASHION IN BONNETS.

Selected Articles.

EXTRACTS FROM RAYDON'S MEMOIRS.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

BY CAPTAIN ROBBIN.

Agricultural.

USEFUL INVENTIONS.

For Housekeepers.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

For the Young.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRISI AND MARIO.

The Olio.

SONG.

BY THOMAS HOOD

ABSENTEEISM IN CUBA.—George B. Newell, Esq., who owned at Valparaiso, in an interview with the Herald, stated in the course of a description of the condition of agriculture: "Agriculture in Cuba is carried on in a very primitive state. Farmers use the crudest sticks for a plough, though I once saw one some small planter had made himself, which was a great improvement on the old style. He had bought a few iron fixtures with his crops, and had put them on. Almost all the farming implements are made by the negroes themselves. Mr. Ben Eveleigh, who has a fine farm near Philadelphia, has the best implements in that neighborhood; he will get nearly as much for his crop as I shall get for mine. At Philadelphia, Judge Cross has nearly two acres of cherry trees, from which he will get about 1,000 boxes of cherries. Mr. Jessup, Gardner, and Reynolds also look well. Mr. Rhein, whose vineyard is near the river road, will have only a light crop this summer. I had year Mr. Rhein made five thousand gallons of wine, but, owing to the general ground, an unprecedented crop. One of the largest and best-worked vineyards near this city, is that of Messrs. Corcoran, the celebrated banqueters of Bill and Hyperion Catawba wines. Messrs. Corcoran will gather an average crop this season. They make a large quantity of wine, principally, of their own vintage. On the whole, we believe that the average crop of 1859 will be something less than an average crop.—Cin. Com.

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